

PUNCH

COMICS

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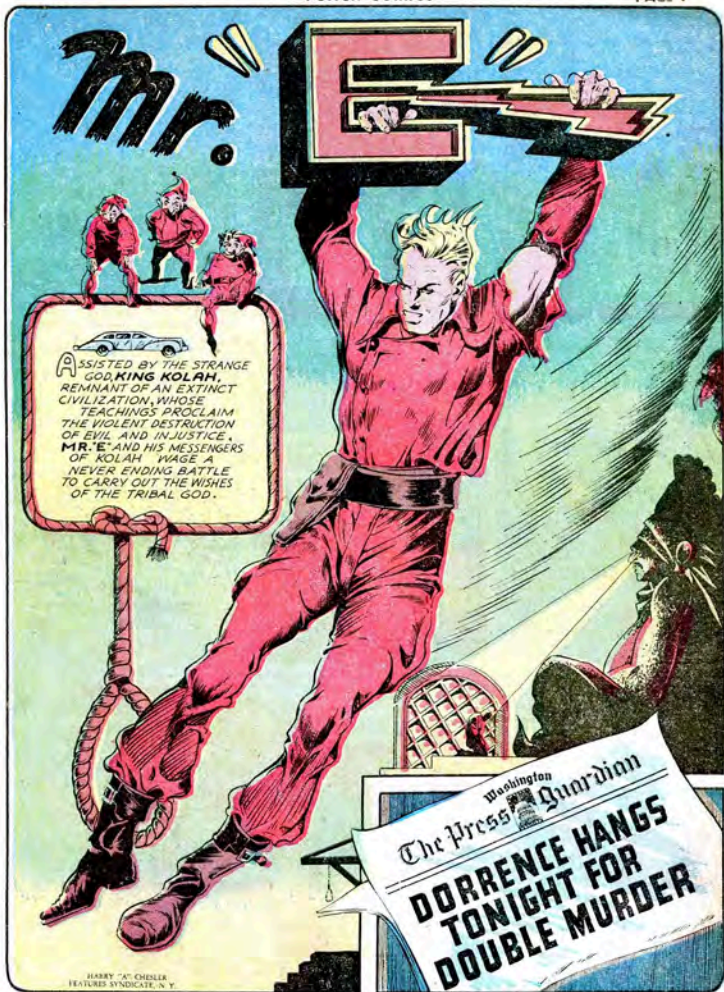


HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

A DYNAMIC PUBLICATION
**WORLD'S
GREATEST
COMICS**



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



STATE PENITENTIARY...A SORROWFUL MOTHER PAYS A FINAL VISIT TO HER SON.

THE EVIDENCE POINTED TO ME...BUT IT ISN'T TRUE! ALL I REMEMBER WAS A BULLET HIT ME IN THE LEG...AND WHEN I CAME TO, THE POLICE WERE THERE...

AND YOU WERE BLAMED FOR A CRIME YOU NEVER COMMITTED! MY POOR BOY...I KNOW YOU...DIDN'T DO IT!

BUT I WAS BLOCKS AWAY FROM THE PLANT...I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON THERE. I...

SORRY, MA'M, BUT YOUR TIME IS UP!

DAZED AND BEWILDERED, THE CONDEMNED MAN'S MOTHER WANDERS AIMLESSLY...

MY BOY! MY POOR BOY! HE'S...

WHEN...THROUGH THE WIND-SHIELD OF HER CAR, THE STRANGE MISS TERRY SEES...

WHY! THAT WOMAN'S FAINTED!

HERE, LET ME TAKE YOU HOME!

THANK YOU, YOU'RE VERY KIND!

...AND SO MY BOY IS TO BE HUNG FOR A CRIME WHICH I'M SURE HE DID NOT DO... HE WAS SUCH A GOOD BOY!

YOUR STORY IS CONVINCING ENOUGH...I'M SURE WITH THE HELP OF MRE' WE MAY BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING!

YES, EVEN THE JUDGE SEEMED MOVED... BUT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES NOTHING BUT THE DEATH PENALTY COULD BE GIVEN.

LATER...MR. "E"

HELLO, TERRY, WHY THE SUDDEN VISIT?

I HAVE SOMETHING INTERESTING. I MET THE MOTHER OF DORRENCE, THE LAD THAT IS TO BE HUNG TONIGHT.

...AND I'M ALMOST SURE THE REAL ROBBERS GRABBED THE KID AND HAD HIM FRAMED.





MR. E: BRRR... I DON'T EITHER! WE'VE GOT TO LAM TO SOME OTHER TOWN, FAST!











3 Cheers

FOR THE NAVY



JUST GET REAL MAD AND
GOUGE THEIR EYES OUT!



Captain GLORY

ON HIS VACATION, CAPTAIN GLORY, ACE INVESTIGATOR FOR THE F.B.I., LEADS THE COAST GUARDS INTO A SMASHING BATTLE WITH A RUTHLESS GANG OF SMUGGLERS

ABOUT A MILE OFF SHORE, A FRAIL CRAFT DRIFTS LAZILY ALONG...

BOY, A VACATION SURE IS THE BERRIES!

...IN IT CAPTAIN GLORY STRUGGLES WITH A DIFFERENT TYPE OF CASE.

A BITE...I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME!

WHY THE...THAT'S THE THIRD TIME I'VE LOST HIM TO-DAY. I'LL CALL IT A DAY AND TRY IT AGAIN TO-MORROW!







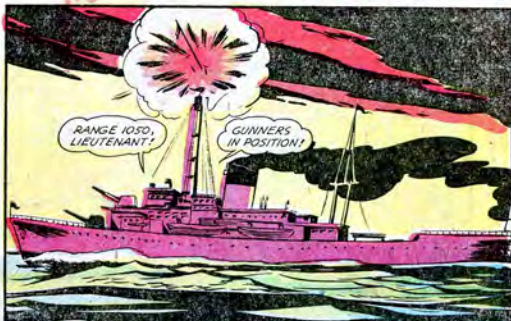
ATTRACTED BY THE OPERATOR'S CRY, THE CREW STORMS INTO THE ROOM.







... SOON, ABOARD THE SMUGGLER'S CRAFT.





PUZZLETTES



TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR ANSWERS

WORD EVOLUTION

CAN YOU CHANGE "APE" TO "MAN" IN 7 MOVES? CHANGE ONE LETTER AT A TIME AND STILL LEAVE A WORD.

A P E

TEASER SQUARE

1	2	3	4	5
2				
3				
4				
5				

THE SQUARE READS THE SAME DOWN AS ACROSS—

1. SUGARY. 2. RELIEVES.
3. MAMMAL. 4. CHOOSE.
5. QUIZZES.



Jerry

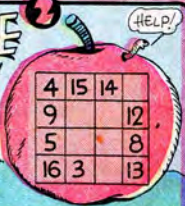
OUR TRAINED SEAL— IS BALANCING A HUGE CLOCK DIAL ON HIS NOSE, AND WANTS YOU TO DIVIDE THE DIAL INTO FOUR PARTS, SO THAT

THE NUMERALS IN EACH SECTION TOTAL 20.

LC 509
CHEWSTER
XSE

TO WHOM IS THIS LETTER GOING AND WHERE?

APPLE MYSTERY!



FILL IN THE SIX MISSING SPACES WITH NUMBERS THAT WILL MAKE THE SQUARE ADD UP TO 34— DOWN, ACROSS, AND DIAGONALLY.



MR. OWL

WISE OLD FELLOW— Says:

"A SUPERFLUITY OF CULINARY EXECUTIVES RENDERS UNPALATABLE THE LIQUID NUTRIMENT."

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

1. SWEET, EASES, WHALE.
2. 1, 6, 7, 10, 11, 2
3. ARE, ARM, AIRM, RAM, RAN.
4. TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL
THE BROTH!
5. 6. ELSIE DIX
ROMAN 509
WINCHESTER
TENNESSEE



CARNIVAL





BELOW, CLARA'S FATHER AND HIS CASHIER, NEELEY, OBSERVE THE PROGRESS OF THE SHOW.



UNSUSPECTINGLY, CLARA AND LEE CHAT IN THE LIVING-ROOM.

DADDY WAS TERRIBLY WORRIED TO NIGHT, LEE. IT MUST HAVE BEEN ABOUT HARLEY. I HAVE A FEELING SOMETHING MAY HAPPEN.

STEADY CLARA, I'LL BE HERE TO SEE EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT.

IT CAME FROM YOUR FATHER'S ROOM!

HEEEELP

WHAT'S THAT?

SUDDENLY, AN AGONIZING WAIL RINGS THROUGH THE HOUSE.

NOW WITH ONE MORE OUT OF THE WAY, I'LL BE... WHAT'S THAT?

LOOK! LEE, HE'S...

INSTANTANLY, THE TRAPEZE ARTIST LEAPS AT THE ATTACKER.

NOT SO FAST, FANCY PANTS!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, LEE ROVER! OOOO!

STUBBORN, EH?

I ONCE TOOK LESSONS IN JIU-JITSU.

WHAT TH...

TRIPPED ME UP NICE, THE LUG. CLARA...WHERE ARE...

LEE! LEE! HE'S...OOOH!



MEANWHILE
THE MYSTERIOUS
FIGURE STALKS
THROUGH THE
NIGHT.



NEELEY THE CASHIER, CONSOLES CLARA BEFORE THE START OF HER ACT.

I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR FATHER, CLARA. I KNEW HIM FOR TWENTY YEARS.

YES, YOU WERE HIS CLOSEST FRIEND, NEELEY. DADDY ALWAYS SAID THAT IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM, YOU SHOULD GET A SHARE OF THE SHOW.



... AND IF I SHOULD EVER QUIT... OR SOMETHING HAPPEN... YOU WILL BECOME THE SOLE OWNER.

THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOUR FATHER, CLARA. HE WAS A FINE MAN, AND I RESPECT HIS THOUGHTFULNESS.



LOOK AT THE ANIMALS!

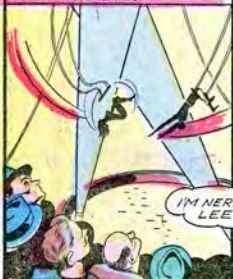
MA-BUY ME SOME PEANUTS!

VIPPEE... THE CLOWN AND GORILLA ACT ARE NEXT.

INSIDE, THE CROWD REEKS WITH MERRIMENT, UNAWARE OF LURKING DANGER.



THE TRAPEZE ACT THRILLS THE CROWD WITH ITS PERFECT TIMING.



I'M NERVOUS, LEE.



I'LL KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

YOU MUST FORGET, CLARA.

SUDDENLY ALL EYES ARE TURNED TO THE CLOWN'S ACT.

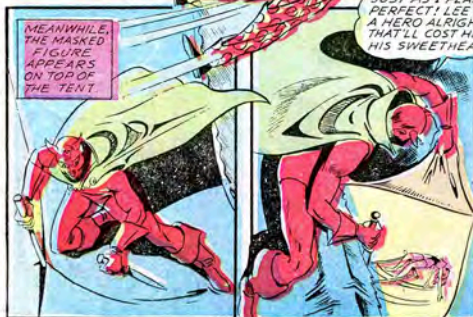
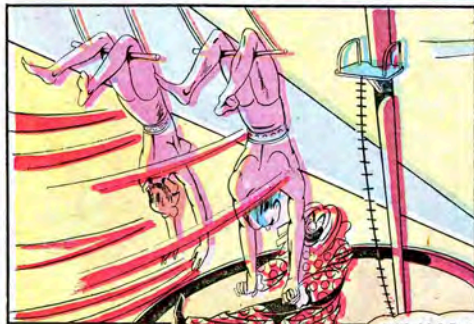


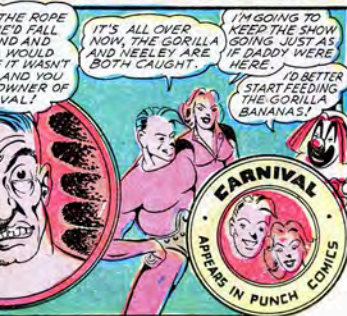
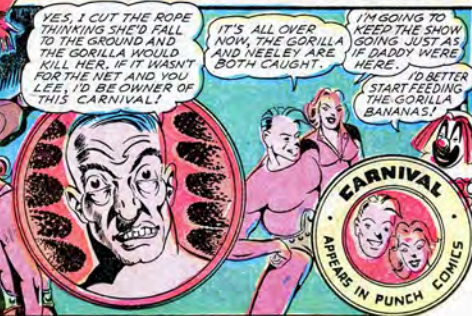
THE CLOWN! WATCH THE CLOWN!



WHAT TH... THAT APE LOOKS FEROCIOUS! MAYBE I'D BETTER NOT FOOL AROUND?

HARLEY STOPS SHORT AT SIGHT OF THE ANGERED BEAST.





A SOLDIER MUST OBEY

Several hundred pupils sat silently as the principal ushered the famous aviator to the front of the platform. "I take great pleasure in presenting Lieutenant Mathewson!" the principal said. A thunderous ovation greeted the smiling aviator.

Lieutenant Mathewson spoke and one by one the students tensed in their seats. It was a story of his life he unfolded to them. The story of the hardships he had to undergo in preparing for aviation and the continued effort needed to complete the training. The hands of the huge clock on the wall kept turning but the audience sat in deep reflective silence.

"Above all," Mathewson's voice thundered, "a soldier must obey! He must never shirk or neglect his duty, not for any excuse. It was in 1918, I was . . ."

Suddenly, a shuffling of feet was heard from the center of the audience. A small boy pushed his way over to the aisle, then began trudging toward the door. His shoes squeaked and the boy flushed under the hundreds of eyes gaping at him.

The shoes squeaked louder and louder. The principal fastened a pair of withering eyes on the boy, but proudly with head erect, the lad marched past the platform and toward the door.

"We must not be afraid to do our duty," the Lieutenant continued. Each and every one of us . . ." the voice droned on.

With those words, the squeak of the shoes died out as the door closed behind Tony Sigi. Without hesitating, he ran down the stairs into the basement. The words, "we must not neglect our duty," rang through his brain. Suddenly, a sizzling sound accompanied by the smell of burning rubber, reached him. He stopped and looked around.

Overhead, a shower of sparks came from one of the fixtures hanging loosely from the ceiling. Tony grabbed a chair and placed it under the broken fixture. Standing on it, he reached up, gripped the rubber near both ends of the wire and held them together. The sparks ceased.

A fire alarm box hung near by. It would have been the work of an instant to leap off the chair and ring it. Tony hesitated. The whole auditorium was enjoying the Lieutenant's speech. The sound of an alarm would only interrupt the interesting lecture—that would never do. Silently, with up raised arms, Tony stood holding the wires together.

It was a long time before the Lieutenant finished speaking. The principal invited him to inspect the modern school. Into the basement

they went and soon came on the small boy valiantly holding the wires.

"What are you doing up there, Tony, stealing the electric light bulbs?" the irate principal demanded. "You dared to interrupt Lieutenant Mathewson's lecture for this! I've caught you red handed. Your folks will hear of this. Get down!"

Tony let go. The live wires sparked and smoked as the weary lad slumped from the chair. The Lieutenant caught the limp form.

A glass of cold water and the Lieutenant's knowledge of first aid quickly revived the lad.

Tony looked up at the aviator and said quietly, "I was fire monitor for this week. I did not want to leave while you were speaking but it was my duty to inspect the basement. I had to do this because I did not want the alarm to keep the others from hearing your speech, sir!"

Lieutenant Mathewson smiled and looked down at the brave boy. "A guy like you dared to interrupt my speech and face the wrath of the audience just to do his duty," the Lieutenant grinned as he spoke. "Fellow, I'm flying back this way next week in a new army pursuit ship. Yes sir, lad, I'm going to get permission from headquarters to give a real soldier, who nobly did his duty, a ride in it!"

KITTY KELLY



ADVENTURE LOVING KITTY KELLY SCORNS THE PEACEFULNESS OF MARRIED LIFE FOR A CAREER IN THE AIR. ALTHOUGH HER LIFE IS CONTINUALLY THREATENED, THE AIRHOSTESS CARRIES ON IN THE TRUE TRADITION OF THE SERVICE.



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FEATURES SYNDICATE, N.Y.





SEVERAL HOURS LATER...



JUST AS THE CLIPPER IS ABOUT TO TAKE OFF...



AND SUDDENLY...





UGLY MACHINE GUNS KEEP THE PASSENGERS FROM AN ATTEMPT TO HELP THE PILOT AND HOSTESS.



YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, WE ARE AMERICANS!

QUIET, YOU FOOL!

BY SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS KITTY AND NED ARE SUBDUED



IN HERE ARE THE PLANS FOR AMERICAN MOBILIZATION IN THE FAR EAST. NOW, I NO LONGER HAVE NEED FOR ANY OF YOU. TAKE THEM TO THE CRATER!



THE PRISONERS ARE FORCED TO CLIMB ALONG A PATH LEADING TO---



AN ACTIVE CRATER OF A VOLCANO.



THE VOLCANO WILL LEAVE NO TRACE OF YOU. WE WILL THROW THE GIRL IN FIRST.

NO-NO-NOT THAT, PLEASE!



HERE'S MY ANSWER!

OWWW!



MY TURN TO HOLD THE PAPERS AND THE GUN!









IS IT TRUE?

JOHN BUNYAN

HE WROTE "PILGRIMS' PROGRESS" WHILE IN PRISON. HE WAS VERY POOR WITH LITTLE EDUCATION. HE WORKED HARD AND SUFFERED MUCH?

TRUE



CHIGGERS

OR HARVEST MITES WILL BITE HUMANS AND SNAKES, THEY WILL NOT BITE ANY DOMESTIC ANIMALS?

TRUE

ALL HENS WITH WHITE FEATHERS LAY WHITE SHELL EGGS?



NOT TRUE

HENS WITH BLACK, BROWN OR RED... FEATHERS LAY WHITE SHELL EGGS. THE MEDITERRANEAN STRAIN OF FOWL LAY WHITE SHELL EGGS.

BUNYAN WAS PUT IN PRISON FOR HIS RELIGIOUS VIEWS, WHILE THERE HE PRODUCED WORKS THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER.



COWBIRDS

BUILD NO NESTS, WILL NOT INCUBATE ITS EGGS OR REAR ITS YOUNG. THE EGGS ARE LAID IN THE NESTS OF OTHER BIRDS?

TRUE

THE LAND OF EVERLASTING FIRE. TRAVELERS HAVE SEEN THIS STRANGE LAND MANY TIMES?



TRUE

IN NORTHERN IRAQ OIL FIELDS. THE OOOZING PARTICLES OF OIL HAVE BEEN BURNING FOR TIME IMMEMORIAL.

The SKY CHIEF

THE SKY CHIEF, SECRET AERIAL OPERATIVE FOR THE G-MEN, SMASHES THROUGH A RING OF SABOTEURS TO STOP THE MYSTERIOUS DESTRUCTION OF AMERICAN CLIPPER PLANES.

SUDDENLY, A HUGE CLIPPER PLANE WINGS IT'S WAY OUT TO SEA.

WELL?

QUIET! IT WILL SOON BE HERE!

A HUGE TRUCK STANDS ON THE SANDS OF A LONG ISLAND BEACH... BESIDE IT, SINISTER EYES COMB THE SKY ABOVE.

HARRY A. THAYER
-FEATURING SYNDICATE, N.Y.-



INSTANTLY, THE SIDES OF THE TRUCK DROP REVEALING A MOUNTED ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN.



THAT'S ONE SUPPLY OF AMERICAN MEDICINE THAT WILL NEVER REACH BRITAIN... FIRE!



THE CLIPPER CARRYING MEDICAL AID TO BRITAIN MYSTERIOUSLY CRACKED UP AT ISLAND BEACH... GET BUSY, SKY CHIEF.

FROM WASHINGTON, THE HEAD OF THE F.B.I. CALLS THE MOUNTAIN TOP RETREAT OF THE SECRET OPERATIVE...



THE BOSS SOUNDED PLENTY ANGRY... I BETTER HOP DOWN AND DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING.

THE SKY CHIEF!



LATER, SKY CHIEF ARRIVES AT THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER..



THE WOOD'S CHARRED AND SHATTERED... BUT WHAT'S THIS ON THE GROUND?

...AND SOON BEGINS HIS INVESTIGATION...



THESE TRACKS WERE MADE BY SOMETHING HEAVY... HMMM... I WONDER? YEP... I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE OFFICE OF THE TRANS-OCEANA CLIPPER CORPORATION.

WE'VE SPREAD WORD AROUND THAT ANOTHER CLIPPER'S LEAVING FOR BRITAIN. I HOPE YOUR PLAN WILL DRAW THOSE RATS OUT.

AND NOW, I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOUR PILOT.

THERE HE IS... ABOUT READY TO TAKE OFF!

THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE APPRECIATES YOUR COOPERATION.

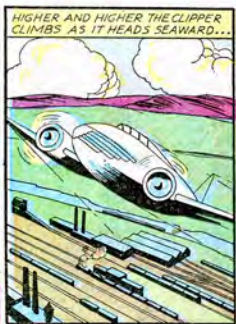
TRANS-OCEANA CL



AND ISSUES INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PILOT OF THE CLIPPER SHIP.



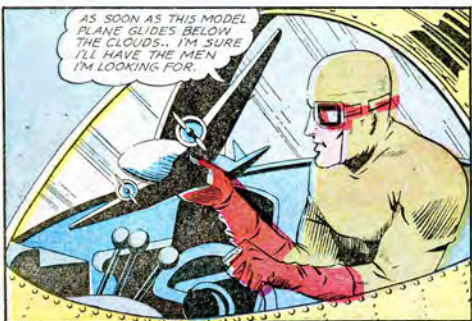
THE HUGE SHIP RISES OFF THE GROUND...



HIGHER AND HIGHER THE CLIPPER CLIMBS AS IT HEADS SEAWARD...



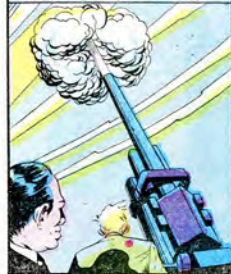
HIGH ABOVE THE CLOUDS, THE SKYCHIEF'S PLANE APPEARS AND THE OTHER SHIP TURNS OFF TO ANOTHER COURSE.



AS SOON AS THIS MODEL PLANE GLIDES BELOW THE CLOUDS.. I'M SURE I'LL HAVE THE MEN I'M LOOKING FOR.

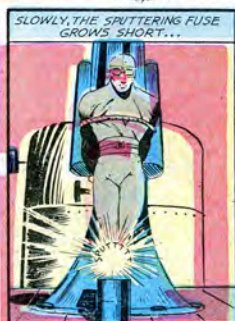


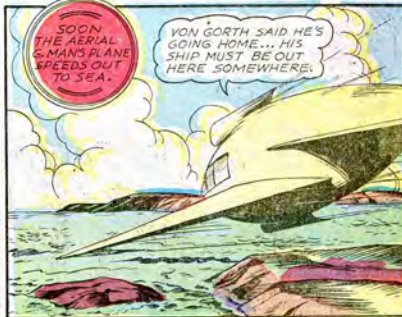
THE GROUND CREW OPENS FIRE AS THEY MISTAKE THE MODEL PLANE FOR THE CLIPPER SHIP...



THE CONTROLS ARE SET FOR A SELF LANDING... GUESS I'LL DROP IN ON THE BOYS.







MILES OFF SHORE, A TANKER RIDES THE WAVES OUTWARD BOUND...



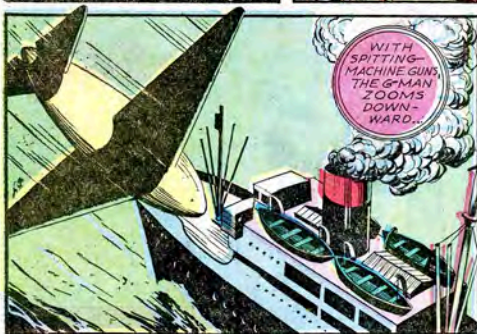
WHILE ON DECK, THE SINISTER VON GORTH RECOGNIZES THE APPROACHING PLANE.



IT'S THAT G-MAN... HE'S STILL ALIVE! DO SOMETHING!



THE INNOCENT FREIGHTER TURNS INTO AN ARMED CRAFT..



WITH SPITTING-MACHINE GUNS, THE G-MAN ZOOMS DOWNWARD...



...SENDING A HAIL OF DESTRUCTION TO THE SHIP'S DECK.



AND AS THE PLANE ZOOMS UPWARD...

LET'S SEE HOW THEY TAKE TO THIS?



LOOKS LIKE THEY DIDN'T LIKE IT... BUT THEY CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.



THE CLIPPER SHIPS CAN FLY THE AIRPLANES FREELY AGAIN... AND YOU CAN CROSS VON GORTH OFF THE LIST OF INTERNATIONAL SABOTEURS.

GOOD WORK, SKY CHIEF... WE KNEW YOU'D DO IT!

THE SKY CHIEF APPEARS IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE.

THE DEAD MAN PLAYS

"The judge let you off because of insufficient evidence," Patrolman Dick Stevens addressed the sneering racketeer, Pete Beers. "I'm positive you murdered him—and someday I'll find the evidence that'll get you a trip to the hot seat."

"Pipe down, flatfoot," Pete grinned as he spoke. "Your pal Morris disappeared and you're trying to pin a murder on me. But it won't work!"

Dick stepped forward and touched the shoulder of the departing racketeer as he whispered, "Beers, remember this. Morris said he'd keep playing his violin even after he was dead. Yep, all I'll have to do is follow the strains of the music and I'll find the murderer."

"Sez you," Pete barked as he walked away from the patrolman. "But dead men can't play."

Dick clenched his fists at the thought of the thousands of dollars Pete had extracted from small storekeepers for unwanted and unneeded protection. He also thought of his pal's investigation and sudden disappearance. More than ever he was out to get the haughty Pete Beers.

It was dark and moonless that night. The huge house was ablaze with lights as Pete Beers shook hands with the last of his departing guests. Guests who had enjoyed a lavish party celebrating his release from

prison. Pete turned to his butler and said, "I'm turning in, Mike. Wake me at noon. Most of the shops have been laying down on their protection payments since I was detained by them dumb cops. I'll have to get after them, this place can't be run on peanuts."

Pete climbed the huge stairway to his bedroom. It was a spacious room. He grinned as he glanced at the expensive furnishings. "Some different from that cell," he muttered aloud.

Resting on the soft bed, he dozed off but was soon awakened by the sound of music. He lay puzzled. It was violin music, soft and sweet.

He jumped slightly as the words of Patrolman Stevens ran through his mind. "All I have to do is follow the music to the murder..." Pete squirmed. He turned several times but the musical sound kept on. He could stand it no longer. Pete jumped out of bed, switched on the light and snatched his gun out of the holster.

"I'll settle this once and for all," he yelled aloud. "I'll have no dead man playing in my house."

Pete slipped down the stairs that led into the cellar. "Afraid? Bah, what could scare Pete Beers," he muttered aloud.

The violin played on and on. The music echoed throughout the long

cellar. Pete's flesh was covered with goose pimples. He gripped his gun tightly and made his way to a corner of the stone wall.

Carefully, he felt the wall. "You can't play, you're dead, DEAD!" he screamed. "I put you there and you can't play."

The musical strains grew louder and louder. The notes imbedded themselves in Pete's tortured brain. "Dead men can't play," he screamed out loud.

Suddenly, the music stopped. A dark form stepped from behind a pillar to Pete's side and whispered, "Drop that gun or I'll..."

"No, no—Morris, don't touch me, you're dead, you're dead, I know it, I killed you," Pete screamed hysterically as the gun fell from his fear-paralyzed fingers.

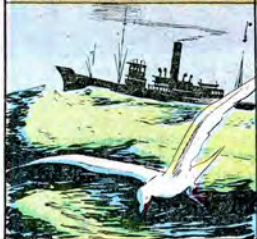
Swiftly, a pair of handcuffs closed on the frightened racketeer's wrists. "When that wall is pulled down," the voice of Patrolman Dick Stevens said softly, "I'll have the evidence needed to send you to the hot seat, Pete Beers."

Dick led the astonished racketeer to the staircase. At the foot of the stairs, Patrolman Stevens stooped down to pick up the violin. He turned to Pete and said, "I forgot to tell you that Morris taught me how to play."

HARRY A. CHESLER
TREASURES ANDRICATE N.Y.

A QUEER TRICK OF FATE AND CAPTAIN COURAGE, BURLY SKIPPER OF A TRANS-OCEANIC FREIGHTER, FINDS HIMSELF THROWN BACK CENTURIES TO RELIVE THE AGE OF THE BUCANEERS AND THE ROVERS OF THE SPANISH MAIN.

A LONELY FREIGHTER PLOWS THRU THE CHOPPY WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC.



CYCLONE!
CYCLONE!

SUDDENLY, A HOARSE SHOUT...

Capt'n

COURAGE

ON DECK, THE HUSKY CAPTAIN COURAGE PREPARES TO CHALLENGE THE RAGING FURY.

THE ONLY CHANCE IS TO TRY AND OUT RACE HER... AND I'M GOING TO CHANCE IT!

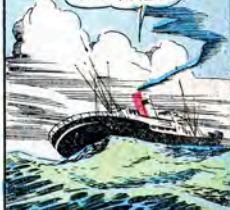


IT'S A FREAK STORM, CAP... SHE'LL SNAP THE SHIP LIKE A HUNK OF DRIFTWOOD!

AYE, MATEY... BUT NOT UNTIL WE'VE HAD A CHANCE! I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL... GET ALL HANDS BELOW.



KEEP FIRING THE BOILERS, LADS.... WE'RE RACING DEATH THIS TIME.



MOUNTAINOUS WAVES LASH THE DECK AS THE SKIPPER ISSUES HIS TERSE COMMAND.

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES...



CAUGHT IN THE WAKE OF GIANT WAVES AND DEVASTATING CROSS SEAS, THE HELPLESS FREIGHTER IS SHATTERED TO BITS.



WHEN SUDDENLY...



I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT... I'VE GOT TO!

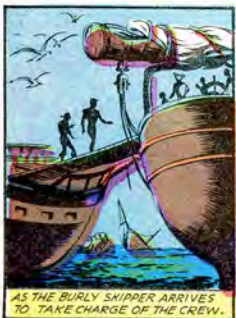


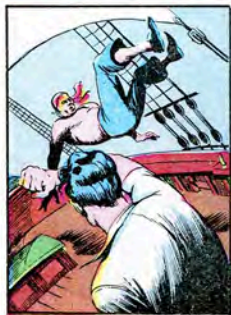
AS IF RETURNING FROM THE DEAD, THE BATTERED CAPTAIN COURAGE STRUGGLES TO SAVE HIMSELF.

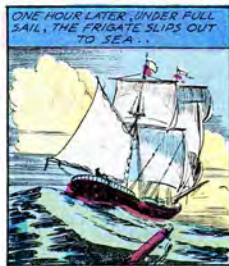
EXHAUSTED, HE FALLS LIMP ON THE BOARDS.

MY LEGS, ARMS, ALL WEARY. I MUST SLEEP, SLEEP... I...

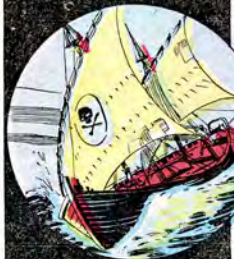








ACCURATELY ADJUSTING THE SPY GLASS, THE SKIPPER SEES...



SHE'S PIRATE CRAFT! ALL RIGHT! GET THE SHIP IN ORDER...WE'RE GOING TO RID THE SEA OF A MENACE.

AYE, AYE, CAP!



ALL HANDS ON DECK... REEF SAILS FOR ACTION!



STEADILY, THE GAP BETWEEN THE TWO VESSELS IS CLOSED.



GREEDILY, THE EYES OF THE PIRATE CHIEF VIEW THE APPROACHING SHIP.

SO, IT'S A PRIZE THAT DRAWS CLOSE, ME HEARTIES! GIVE HER AN OPENING SHOT... THEN WE'LL FINISH HER OFF!



SWIFTLY THE CREW SPRINGS INTO ACTION, AS THE SHIP IS READIED FOR ANY EMERGENCY.

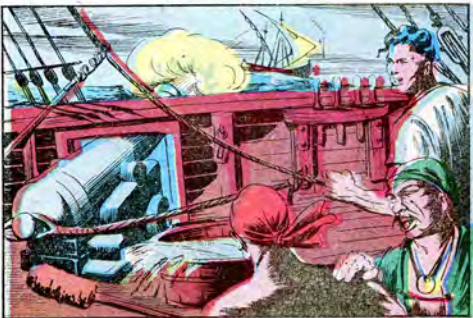


THEY'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT TO LICK US, CAP!

RIGHT... AND NOW WE'LL GIVE 'EM A TASTE OF OUR GUNS!



THE SHELL EXPLODES HARMLESSLY IN THE WATER.







THE CAPTURED SHIP IS SET ADRIFT BURNING.



AS THE PIRATE CRAFT IS RAVAGED BY THE FLAMES, CAPTAIN COURAGE STEERS HIS SHIP FOR THE MAINLAND.



HALE!

...THE MAGICIAN



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FEATURE SYNDICATE, N.Y.

OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA, A YACHT
STEAMS SLOWLY THRU A NARROW,
DANGEROUS CHANNEL.



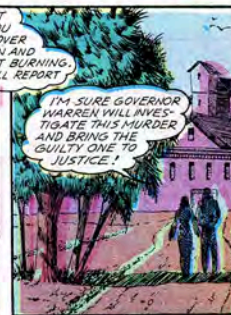
ON DECK, LOIS STARRETT CONVERSES WITH
HER CLOSE FRIEND, HALE, THE MAGICIAN.

GOVERNOR WARREN WILL
BE SURPRISED TO SEE US.
I'M GLAD WE DIDN'T WIRE
HIM. IT'S MORE FUN THIS
WAY!

YOU'RE RIGHT,
HALE, BRRRR!
BUT THOSE ROCKS
ARE UGLY
LOOKING!
HERE COMES
THE CAPTAIN.



ON A FRIENDLY
YACHTING TRIP,
HALE THE MAGICIAN, IS
THROWN INTO A
GIGANTIC STRUGGLE
WHICH ONLY THE POWER
OF HIS MAGIC
SPEARHEAD
CAN
OVERCOME.



UNFRIENDLY EYES WATCH THE APPROACH OF HALE AND LOIS.

THOSE TWO MUST HAVE ESCAPED DEATH ON THE ROCKS. SO THEY ARE LOOKING FOR WARREN, HMMM.



I'M A FRIEND OF GOVERNOR WARREN... I'D LIKE TO SPEAK WITH HIM!

GOVERNOR WARREN EH? YOU'LL SEE HIM.



WHAT AN UGLY LOOKING THING!

WARREN, BAH! IT'S GRILLO, THE DICTATOR RULES THIS PROVINCE!

A UNPLEASANT SURPRISE GREET'S THE NEWCOMERS.

BUT WHAT OF WARREN... WHAT'S BECOME OF HIM?

TO-DAY SWIFT STRIKING DICTATORSHIPS RULE. I, GRILLO, WHO THINKS LITTLE OF HUMAN LIFE, AM SUITED AS A RULER... NOT THAT SOFT HEARTED WARREN! YOU ARE IN TIME FOR HIS EXECUTION, STRANGERS!

CHARMED SPEAR-HEAD, I ASK THAT GOVERNOR WARREN BE BROUGHT HERE!

HALE, MY FRIEND, YOU MUST HELP MY PEOPLE. THIS FIEND SEEKS TO MAKE SLAVES OF THEM.

STEADY WARREN... THE TRIUMPH OF RIGHT IS INEVITABLE! WE SHALL UNITE TO...



MEANWHILE, GRILLO'S POWER MAD MIND BECOMES CONCERNED WITH ONE THING, THE MAGIC SPEAR-HEAD.

WITH THAT WEAPON I COULD BE THE MOST POWERFUL MAN ON EARTH. I MUST GET IT!



I THINK THIS WILL MAKE HIM RELEASE THE WEAPON!

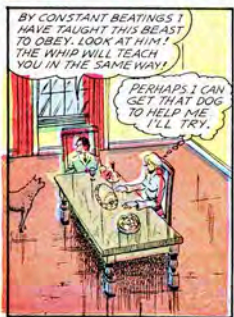
SUDDENLY, A HUGE STONE PILLAR FALLS FORWARD.

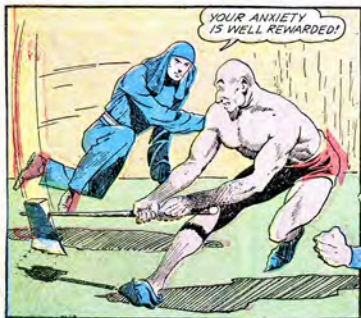
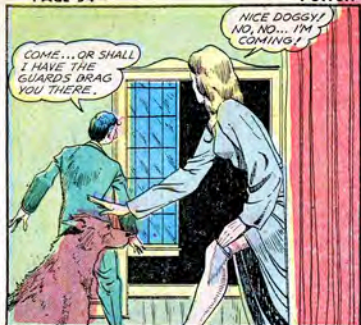
LOIS! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER!



STEADY, LOIS... YOU'RE SAFE! NOW FOR GRILLO!

ANOTHER SECOND AND OHHHH!







THE POWER OF THE SPEARHEAD
FREEZES THE ATTACKERS IN
THEIR TRACKS.



HIS PLANS THWARTED, THE MAD-
DENED GRILLO TURNS TO THE GIRL.



BUT IN A SPLIT SECOND, THE BE-
FRIENDED BEAST LEAPS TO THE
RESCUE.



DEATH

The Sting of

"Don't touch that," Steve Kent yelled, as he pushed John Waters to the ground. "It's the Golden Orchid and it means trouble."

Carefully picking himself out of the bed of ferns, Waters adjusted his monocle and stared coldly at his guide. "Have you gone completely crazy?" he shouted at Steve. "I hired you to guide me and not advise me as to what specimens I should take and what not!" Waters reached for the huge orchid again. "It's worth at least five hundred pounds—and I'm . . ." That's as far as he got. The strong grip of Steve Kent stopped him.

"As long as anyone's with me they don't pick that flower," Steve barked. "It's meant death to some—but others it drives mad, raving mad!"

That night, Steve and Waters sat around the campfire. They listened to the strange jungle sounds. Kent identified each one for his friend. Soon, the conversation drifted to the life they had left behind in London. Kent studied Waters and sensed his mind had wandered—it had drifted to the Golden Orchid. Steve tensed. "I suppose you're angry because I kept you from picking that flower?" he said, smacking straight into the subject.

Before Waters could answer, Kent continued, "I've knocked around all over the world and there are some things I can't understand and never will. That Golden Orchid is one. The natives say that he who picks one will never leave the jungle alive."

"Stupid superstition," Waters

scoffed. "You're civilized, man, you can't believe such nonsense. Did you ever know of any one who picked one and died?"

"Once," Steve hesitated, then continued. "The natives warned him just as I did you. The man laughed in their faces and picked the blossom. I watched him as he fondled it like a little child. I watched him hold it to his face and gaze into its golden petals as he raved over the shape and size. He talked of the glory and fame the Academy would award him for bringing back such an unknown treasure."

"But what happened? I never saw it on exhibit!" John interrupted impatiently.

"I'm coming to that," Steve said slowly. "The next morning in his tent we found the body. It was a dark blue color—he had died during the night."

"Dead," Waters whispered in an awed voice.

"Yeah," Steve nodded. "The natives called it the sting of the Golden Orchid."

"What about the flower?" Waters asked.

"It lay beside him on the bed where he had placed it," Kent replied. "The natives piled the tent with brush and burned the body of the man and the orchid." With that, Steve got up and stretched lazily. "I'm turning in for the night," he said, as he walked off to the tent.

Kent lay on the cot. His eyelids grew heavier and heavier. . . Suddenly, his semi-conscious mind caught the sound of cracking brush.

Instantly, he was on his feet and out of the tent. Through the slowly dying campfire he saw the figure of John Waters, in his hand the Golden Orchid.

With sparkling eyes, John held the prize so Kent could see its full beauty. "Those silly stories couldn't scare me," he said proudly, "I've got it and I'm going to take it back to civilization with me. It's mine—they'll call it John Waters' Golden Orchid!"

Swiftly, Steve leaped forward, grabbed the flower and threw it into the fire.

Furiously, Waters aimed his fist at Steve's jaw. Kent ducked the blow and with a short right sent Waters sprawling to the ground. In an instant, he was astride him.

"Why did you do it, why did you do it?" John sobbed anguished. "I'll never have a chance to get another!"

Steve released his grip. "That orchid," he began slowly, "has been known to always harbor a nest of vipers within its leaves. The viper, colored the same as the plant, is very seldom found—that was the thing that killed the other man! Its sting is filled with venom—and the viper strikes at night."

"But why didn't you tell me the truth about it?" Waters demanded.

"Because," Steve said slowly, "you'd have decided to look for the deadly reptile, to kill it—by that time I would have injected you with its poison."

Waters gripped Steve's hand and said, "And to think, all this time I thought you made up that story to scare me away, so you could have the orchid for yourself."

THE UNHOLY



WITH THIS PICTURE WE CAN DISGUISE AS THE CHAUFFEUR, HOUSEKEEPER AND LITTLE PERCY!

A GREAT IDEA, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

Journal of America
NEW YORK
MONDAY, JUNE 16, 1941
STEEL MAGNATE ENTERTAINS BARON

HOUSEKEEPER, CHAUFFEUR AND PERCY LEAVE FOR NEWPORT

AND IN NO TIME, THE UNHOLY THREE, MASTERS OF MAKE UP, ADOPT THE NECESSARY DISGUISES.

I DON'T LIKE THIS NO HOW!

MY WHAT A LOVELY BABY!

THE CUTE LITTLE SHAVER!

AND THAT NIGHT...

BUT I SAID TO KEEP PERCY IN NEWPORT OVER THE WEEKEND!

WHY, ER... TH... THE WEATHER LOOKED THREATENING AND I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE WORRIED!

YOU KNOW HOW LITTLE PERCY HATES STORMS!

VERY WELL THEN! JAMES WILL WAIT ON THE TABLE AND YOU'LL PUT THE CHILD TO BED AND FINISH PREPARING THE MEAL.

ME! WHY I'LL....

VERY GOOD, MRS. HUDSON!

I DON'T LIKE THIS. I DON'T WANT TO SLEEP, I WANT A STEAK!

YOU BIG LUMMOX... YOU ALMOST SPILLED THE BEANS!

SINCE WHEN DO BABIES SMOKE CIGARS?

HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA?

C'MON... WE'VE GOT TO GET BUSY IN THE KITCHEN!

BOY, WE SURE LET OURSELVES IN FOR SOME-THING!

AS THE UNHOLY THREE BUSY THEMSELVES ON THE INSIDE, OTHERS MAKE PLANS ON THE OUTSIDE.

WE KEEP OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL YOU GIVE THE SIGNAL, EH, BREEN...ER, I MEAN BARON.

RIGHT! THEN YOU BOYS RUSH IN AND GRAB HUDSON. TREAT HIM ROUGH, HE'S GOT TO GIVE US THE COMBINATION OF THE SAFE!



MR. AND MRS. HUDSON, THIS IS A PLEASURE.

WELCOME BARON. YOU'RE JUST IN TIME.



AS THE BARON ENTERS...

HE SURE DOES LOOK FISHY!

COME ON, WE'RE SERVANTS, REMEMBER?



SERVANTS ENTRANCE

THE MEAL PROGRESSES REMARKABLY WELL UNDER THE HANDS OF FLASH AND PEARL...

YOUR HOSPITALITY WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED, MRS. HUDSON.

IT ISN'T OFTEN THAT ONE HAS SUCH A DISTINGUISHED GUEST.



...UNTIL....

CLUMSY FOOL!

OH! THE POOR BARON IS BEING TOASTED!



HEAVENS... WHAT WAS THAT?

COOK PROBABLY DROPPED A SPOON.

CRASH



WE'RE GOING TO LET THE BARON SEE LITTLE PERCY. FIND OUT IF THE COOK NEEDS HELP.

COME, BARON. THE LITTLE TYKE IS UPSTAIRS.



YES, MA'AM.

WOW! WHAT HAPPENED... AN EARTHQUAKE?

NOTHING... I SLIPPED! DID YOU LEARN ANYTHING?

BARON... PHOOEY! THAT GUY IS BREEN, THE JEWEL THIEF. HE IS WEARING A FAKE BEARD AND IT ALMOST CAME OFF WHEN I SPILLED THE SOUP ON HIM!

WELL, WELL... WE'LL TRAP HIM COLD, THIS TIME!



INSIDE THE KITCHEN...





SWIFTLY, THE MASTER MAKE UP ARTISTS DON THEIR DISGUISES...

YOU'RE LIABLE TO CRAB OUR ACT, LITTLE ONE... SO, JUST STAY HERE AND AMUSE YOURSELF!

WE LOOK MORE
LIKE THE HUDSON'S
THAN THEY DO
THEMSELVES...
C'MON, FLASH...
LET'S GIVE THE
BARON A SURPRISE.

YOU HAVE PUT
THE CHILD TO BED?

YES, BARON...
AND NOW YOU!

DON'T MIND HIM.. HE'S ALWAYS JOKING!

... AND JOIN THE BARON AS MR.
AND MRS. HUDSON.

READY,
MEN...
SEIZE
THESE
FOOLS!

IT'S
BEGINNING!

SUDDENLY,
HE CRAFTY
FOREIGNER
BARKS AN
ORDER...

BULL'S EYE!

TAG!

SLEEP TIGHT,
BARON!

THE POOR BARON...
HE WAS SUCH A
LOVELY CHAP!

IT'S A CINCH!

WE GOT HER!

OOOFFF!





THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

FEATURING

K 9

MR. "E"
THE ECHO
CARNIVAL
RAY OLIGHT
KING KOBBA
YANKEE BOY
MASTER KEY
ROCKETMAN
LUCKY COYNE
DYNAMIC BOY
LITTLE NEMO
KITTY KELLY
DAN HASTINGS
MADAM SATAN
DOC TRIUMPH
GREAT SCOTT!
JOHNNY REBEL
FOXY GRANDPA
CAPTAIN GLOBY
YANKEE DOODLE
JONES & DANDY
MAJOR VICTORY
SCARLET SENTRY
"HAPPY" LANDING
MOTHER HUBBARD
YOUNG AMERICANS



8
MAMMOTH
RINGS

•
EACH
ONE
FEATURING

15
COMPLETE
ATTRactions

•
IT'S YOURS FOR
THE PRICE OF
A SINGLE
ADMITTANCE



HURRY, HURRY
H-U-R-R-Y!
TO YOUR NEAREST
NEWSDEALER

YANKEE
COMICS

DYNAMIC
COMICS

SCOOP
COMICS

MAJOR
COMICS

BULLS-EYE
COMICS

PUNCH
COMICS

KAYO
COMICS

WORLD'S
GREATEST
COMICS

A B C
AMERICAN
BEST
COMICS